

back home. Last April papa was sent over here on a business trip, and mother pleaded hard for him to bring us along, so he consented. We were all born in Canada, "The Land of The Maple."

I have two sisters; their names and ages are Gladys, 16 years, and Colena, the same age as myself, so you see we are twins, both eleven years old. Our birthdays were on the twelfth of July. For presents, we both got a locket; a bracelet; a pale-blue silk dress each, and a lot more presents. Now, you will wonder what I look like. Well, I have fair hair, blue eyes, and wear glasses. My grandpa takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and says he couldn't sleep on Thursday nights if he hadn't seen it. I take piano lessons, and Colena and Gladys take violin lessons. How many of the Beavers ever milked a cow or drove a horse? Well, I never did either. Before we went out to Germany we lived in Toronto, and that is ten years ago. I would have liked very much to be able to join the Garden Competition when I was visiting here, but it was impossible, for just at gardening-time I was operated on for appendicitis, and when I was able to do a little work it was too late. "Could I join it next year and write my letters from Berlin?"

Hoping this escapes the hungry waste-paper basket, I will close with a few riddles. If I see this in print, I will write when we arrive home and tell you something about Germany. I will also send you a snap-shot of our home.

1. The man rode up the hill, and Yet—he walked? Ans.—Yet was his dog, and he walked.

2. What binds two together and touches only one? Ans.—Wedding-ring.

3. What has four eyes and a mouth, and many branches off it? Ans.—The Mississippi River.

From your far-off Beaver.

COLENE EUNICE TREACY.
(Age 11, Sr. IV.)

P. S.—After November 10th, I would like some of the Beavers to write to me. Colena says she wants some to write to her, also.

Our address is: 199 Alvinston street, Berlin, Germany.

We are delighted to have you join our Circle, Colene. Yes, if we have a Garden Competition next year you may join, even though you be far away in Germany. We shall be very much pleased to get a letter from you from the land of the Kaiser.

Dear Puck,—You asked me to write a piece about the Beavers, so I am sending you a piece which I made up. I am sorry to say that my garden was no good. The flowers did not seem to grow. I think the ground was too hard and dry. The seeds came from England, and they were funny names. It would have been pretty, as I had a pole at each corner, and morning-glories and sweet peas growing up them. And then I had poppies, silene, nephophellias, asters, mignonette, larkspur, and phlox. I hope the other Beavers have had good luck with their gardens. It was too bad about Winifred Colwell's garden, wasn't it, Puck? Good luck to the Circle, from

MAY LEMENDIN,
Care of Robert Bell, Peterboro, Ont.,
R. R. No. 2.

Busy little Beavers we,
With our hands a-going,
Smiling faces you can see,
Weeding, planting, hoeing.

Happy as the day is long,
Without a care or sorrow,
With a word for every one,
Bringing good to-morrow.

We know not pain or trouble,
That often cross life's way,
For we are very busy,
At our work and play.

We have a little garden,
All our very own,
Where we can plant our flower seeds,
And vegetables to be grown.

In the morning early,
We go forth to see,
If our flowers are coming up,
And if any weeds there be.

We must be very careful,
Through the busy hours,
When we pull the weeds up,
Not to pull the flowers.

We have to keep them watered,
For fear that they should die,
And then we would not get the prize
That dear Puck does supply.

And when the flowers have blossomed,
We must take, not too late,
A snap-shot of our garden.
For "The Farmer's Advocate."

We have to write a letter,
Of all we did before,
If all our flower seeds came up,
And a whole lot more.

Those that get the prizes,
Don't they just feel glad?
But those who do not get one,
Sometimes they feel sad.

But they will surely get a prize,
With something else they do,
Like writing competitions,
And pretty stories, too.

Too bad about your garden, May.
Well, this was a dry year, wasn't it?

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my second letter to your Circle. I did not see my first letter in print, but I thought I would write again.

I am going to tell you about my ducks. My father got me some eggs this spring and I set them. Six hatched out, but they all died but three. They are big ducks now. It is great fun to see them play in the water.

I live on a farm three miles out of Amherst. I ride to school on my wheel when it is fit weather, and come home to dinner every day. I like to ride very much. I was very sorry I did not write on the flowers I love best.

HENRY CLEGG (Grade VI).
East Amherst, N. S.

P. S.—Puck, I do not think I can try the Garden Competition, because hardly any of my flower seeds grew.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. I am going to tell you about a picnic we had. Father wanted another load of apples for the evaporator, but he had to help a neighbor to thresh, so as soon as we got our work done in the morning we went up to the orchard and picked up apples until dinner-time; then mother went down to the house and got dinner and brought it up to the orchard. We found a nice place to eat our dinner. When we finished, mother read to us out of the Jungle Book which we got out of the School Library. We finished just as father got home in the afternoon. He took the load to town to the evaporator. We have a little white kitten. When we give it a drink it will not lap it up, but sticks its paw in the milk, and then licks its paw.

ANNA HARRETT.
(Sr. III Class, age 9.)
Wallaceburg, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Seeing other letters written on literature, I was tempted to write on that subject, too. My favorite books are: "Sevenfold Troubles," "Four Chautauqua Girls at Home," and the Mildred books, "St. Elmo," and "Beulah," and "Swiss Family Robinson." Two of my favorite authors are Tennyson, and Ralph Connor. Beautiful and sad are Tennyson's poem, "Crossing the Bar," and "The Doctor," by Ralph Connor.

Reading the riddle Eurla Terry sent, I thought I could answer it. It was: "What is cut off at both ends to make it longer?" Ans.—A ditch.

May I write on "Wild Flowers I Love Best," Puck; or if we send a good story we made up ourselves, will we get a prize? May our next subject be, "Why I Love the Country?"

Well, Puck, I don't think I had better try for the Garden Competition, as I have not a very large garden, but I will write on the next subject.

RETA RUTTLE (age 11, Jr. IV).
Ripley, Ont., S. S. No. 8.

It is rather late to write on the Wild Flower competition, Reta, but we are going to set you a new subject for a competition soon.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Verna Hamilton sent a very nice letter, but it was written on both sides of the paper.

Honor Roll: Kathleen Carefoot, Myrtle Rutherford, Katie Kerr.

Riddles.

What is the lightest city in the world?
Ans.—Cork.

If you were to attend a picnic, what islands would form part of the lunch?
Ans.—Sandwich.

What place reminds you of an English coin?
Ans.—Guinea.

What country is generally present at meals?
Ans.—China. Sent by Joseph McLellan, Seaforth P. O., Ont.

If you pulled a rabbit's tail, what would it say?
Ans.—Nothing.

There are twenty-four white horses standing on a red hill, now they're dancing, now they're prancing, now they're standing still?
Ans.—Teeth.

Why does a hen never know night?
Ans.—Because her son, the rooster, never sets.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay?
Ans.—Because the cat(tle) eat it.

What goes up and down a hill, yet never moves?
Ans.—Road. Sent by N. A. Brentigam, Neustadt, Ont.

Fair Visitor—"Oh, don't trouble to see me to the door."

Hostess—"No trouble at all, dear. It's a pleasure."

A Thanksgiving poem.

For the days when nothing happens,
For the cares that leave no trace,
For the love of little children,
For each sunny dwelling place,
For the altars of our fathers,
And the closets where we pray,
Take, O gracious God and Father,
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.

For our harvests safe ingathered,
For our golden store of wheat,
For the corn lands and the vine lands,
For the flowers upspringing sweet,
For our coasts from want protected,
For each river, inlet, bay,
By Thy bounty full and flowing,
Take our praise this joyful day.

For our dear ones lifted higher,
Through the darkness to the light,
Ours to love and ours to cherish
In dear memory, beyond sight;
For our kindred and acquaintance,
In Thy heaven who safely stay,
We uplift our psalms of triumph,
Lord, on this Thanksgiving Day.

For the hours when heaven is nearest,
And the earth-mood does not cling,
For the very gloom oft broken
By our looking for the King;
By our thought that He is coming,
For our courage on the way,
Take, O Friend, unseen, eternal,
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Things to Make You Glad.

When the years have slipped by and memory runs back over the path you have trod, you will be glad that you stopped to speak to every friend you met, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts because you did so.

You will be glad that you were happy when doing the small, everyday things of life; that you served the best you could in life's lowly round.

You will be glad that men have said all along your way: "I know that I can trust him. He is as true as steel."

You will be glad that there have been some rainy days in your life. If there were no storms the fountains would dry up, the sky would be filled with poisonous vapors, and life would cease.

You will be glad that you stopped long enough every day to read carefully, and with a prayer in your heart, some part of God's message to those He loves.

You will be glad that you shut your ears tight against the evil things men said about one another, and tried the best you could to stay the words winged with poison.

You will be glad that you brought smiles to men and not sorrow.
You will be glad that you have met



The Apple Woman—A Good Copy for Drawing.